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THE FLYING-WHEEL OF FRANCE.—EVERY ONE HAS HIS TURN AT THE TOP.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 25th, 1888. — No. 581.

Puck this week contains 20 pages.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DEATH HAS dissociated Roscoe Conkling from the profession of his life, and made it a pleasure to those who were often his political opponents to speak freely of all that was personally admirable in him. They will not grudge him a generous tribute; for his good qualities were an honor to his race and to his nation, and they were generally recognized in his lifetime. There were few who cared to deny his courage, his honesty, his loyalty, his unselfish devotion to his friends, his strict adherence to the ideal of conduct which he held up for himself. No one could fail to see in these things the elements of a strong character; and even those who were not of his political faith could not but regret that he wasted his strength on poor and unworthy objects. That he made no greater mark on the history of the country is due, in great part, to the purposeless pettiness of the politics which mostly engaged his attention. Had the occasion called forth his patriotism, he would not have been found wanting; he was a sincere man and a brave man. It is only to be regretted that one who established so high a standard of morality for himself should have wasted his powers in alliance with men who had no standard of morality at all.

It is hard to induce people — some people — to apply plain, homely "horse sense" to the consideration of political questions. The great majority of people are strongly inclined to look upon politics and religion as the two things in this world which have nothing to do with common morality or common-sense. Hence it comes that many sensible men talk rank nonsense when politics is their theme, and show that politically they hold a moral code and follow a system of reasoning which they would surely reject for all the other affairs of life.

We are moved to these remarks by the distress into which one or two of our Sincerely Esteemed Contemporaries have fallen, over the fact that President Cleveland has not been able, in three years and one month, to give this country a strictly non-partisan civil service. Our good but unhappy friends call attention to various violations of the letter and the spirit of the law governing appointments to public office, and they accuse the President of conniving at these violations, and of faint-heartedness in the cause of reform. They would have Mr. Cleveland lay aside every other duty, every other plan and purpose, to see that the law is carried out in its smallest provision, for the space of four years — after which — Blaine and the spoils system and no hope of reform for mayhap another twenty-five years.

Now we will ask our Esteemed Contemporaries to consider, with the consideration of horse sense, whether that scheme would really serve the cause of reform? It was within Mr. Cleveland's power to carry out such a programme, no doubt. But what would have been the result? Can any one doubt that it would have divided his party beyond all hope of reunion, and put the larger division in direct opposition to him and to his policy? And even had he taken this course and received enthusiastic popular approval, could he have been nominated at the convention of politicians which will meet at St. Louis this summer? And would his course have received enthusiastic popular approval? And is there another man in the Democratic party who could be elected President if the party disowned Grover Cleveland? Could not the Republicans easily elect the worst spoilsman in their ranks over the candidate of the divided Democracy? And in the event of this last contingency, how much good would the carrying out of the programme have done the cause of civil service reform?

Sincerely Esteemed Contemporaries, let us get down to a few hard, horse-sense facts. We are of one mind as to the necessity of freeing American politics from the curse of the spoils system. We know that so long as it exists the people can not be faithfully served by their legislative or their executive officials. But are all the American people of one mind in this matter? Is it not the plain, undeniable truth that many of them — most of them, in fact — are either of a contrary mind, or, at best, ignorant, indifferent or doubtful? They are waking up to a sense of responsibility and to an understanding of the wrong that is done them; but the waking is, and must be for some time to come, slow and gradual.

How should it be otherwise? They have heard for years the cry for reform; they have seen matters go on much as they had been going on for a generation or two, and they have seen that the country was not ruined. It is not strange that they do not comprehend how far the nation's strength is taxed; it is not strange that they should grow accustomed to a burden so long borne, and half-forget its very existence.

The American citizen is learning more and more, with every year, of his rights and his duties in the commonwealth. But it is absurd to say that he has yet learned how wicked and dangerous it is to degrade politics to a base scramble for the spoils of office. And until he has learned that, and has begun to feel deeply and earnestly that he must bestir himself to bring about better things, it is absurd to expect that any one else can work out his salvation for him. It is well to pass a good law for the betterment of the public service; it is well to have a President who is willing to enforce it. But it is ridiculous to suppose that the most rigid enforcement of the law can attain the desired end in four short years. And if after four years a new President is to come who will devote his very considerable energies to undoing all that his predecessor has done — what then? Are things much bettered?

We believe that President Cleveland sincerely desires to see the Civil Service Law enforced. We believe, however, that he has learned the truth of what was said when the law was made — that it was passed by men opposed to its spirit because they knew that, under then-existent conditions, it was practically inoperative. These conditions have been modified in some measure; but they still exist. While they exist, President Cleveland can enforce the law only at the complete sacrifice of his usefulness in every other direction. If he feels that it is his duty to use his own power and the power of his party to further other reforms of immediate necessity, such as the revision of our burdensome customs tariff, we hold that it is within his discretion, having shown his own readiness to enforce the law, to let his party share the responsibility for its partial or occasional violation.

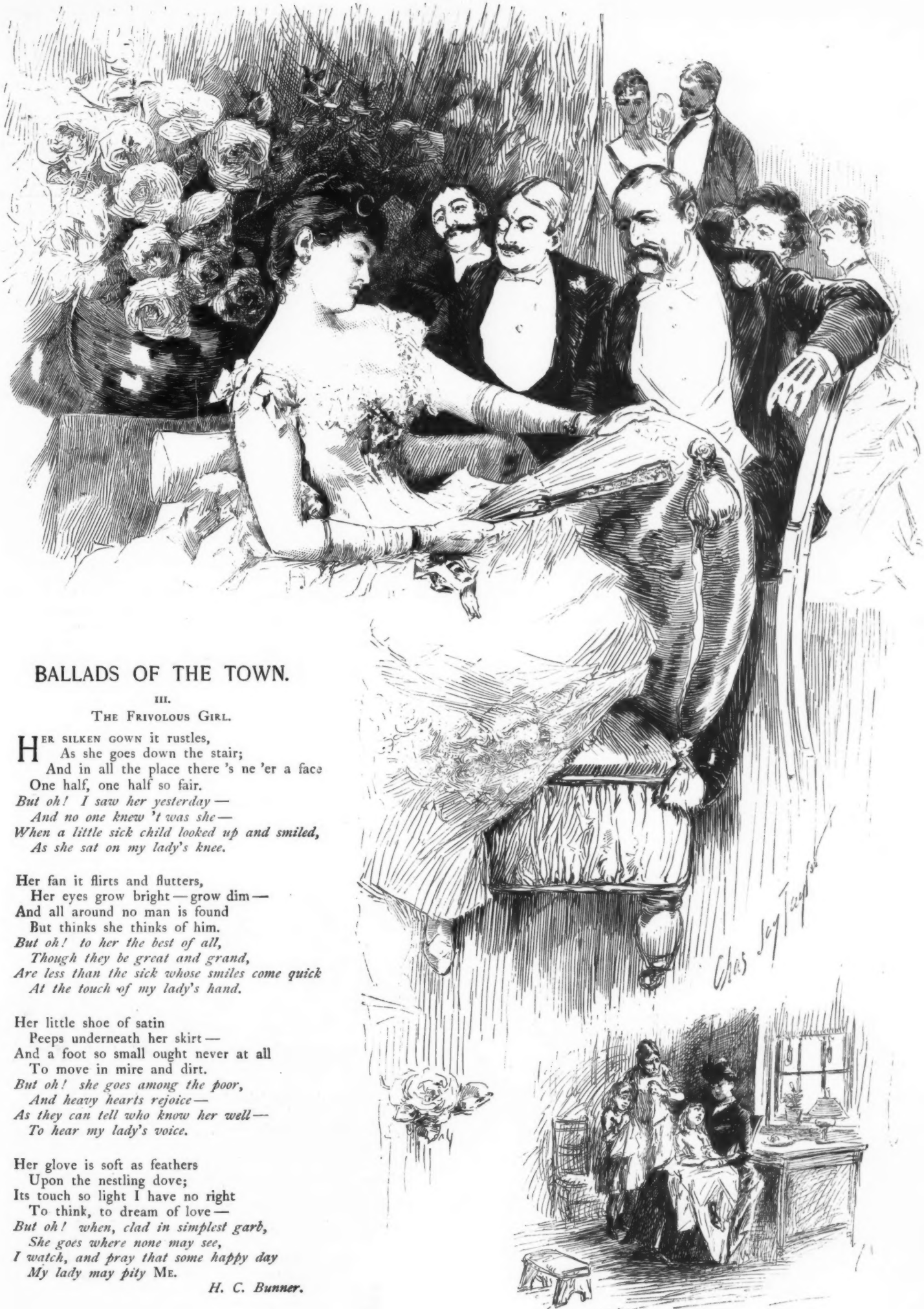
The law is good; the cause is good. But there are other good laws and other good causes which lay heavy responsibilities upon the President, and we think he takes these into account. The reform of the civil service is delayed thereby, and our Esteemed Contemporaries are grieved; but Mr. Cleveland probably thinks it the wisest course to suffer a temporary disappointment, rather than antagonize the majority of his party, reduce his own influence to a cipher, and, at the end of his term, deliver the country into the hands of the Philistines.

THE TWO SHERMANS.

Gen. W. T. Sherman, in behalf of the committee in charge of the banquet at Delmonico's last Friday evening, sent invitations to ex-Confederate Generals, Longstreet, Buckner, Fitz-Hugh Lee, and others. — *Daily Paper*.



GEN. W. T. SHERMAN. — I'm sorry, brother John; but we can't admit gentlemen in fancy costume to this dinner!



BALLADS OF THE TOWN.

III.

THE FRIVOLOUS GIRL.

HER SILKEN GOWN it rustles,
As she goes down the stair;
And in all the place there's ne'er a face
One half, one half so fair.
*But oh! I saw her yesterday —
And no one knew 't was she —
When a little sick child looked up and smiled,
As she sat on my lady's knee.*

Her fan it flirts and flutters,
Her eyes grow bright — grow dim —
And all around no man is found
But thinks she thinks of him.
*But oh! to her the best of all,
Though they be great and grand,
Are less than the sick whose smiles come quick
At the touch of my lady's hand.*

Her little shoe of satin
Peeps underneath her skirt —
And a foot so small ought never at all
To move in mire and dirt.
*But oh! she goes among the poor,
And heavy hearts rejoice —
As they can tell who know her well —
To hear my lady's voice.*

Her glove is soft as feathers
Upon the nestling dove;
Its touch so light I have no right
To think, to dream of love —
*But oh! when, clad in simplest garb,
She goes where none may see,
I watch, and pray that some happy day
My lady may pity Me.*

H. C. Bunner.

LOOKING FORWARD.



Now is the seed in the ground, and the harvest is far off. This sounds a little scriptural, but that can not be helped. The farmer has sown to the crow, and he will reap the potato-bug. Having tramped over the ten-acre fields day after day, with the pitiless spring sun illustrating his nose, and the indefatigable spring wind playing upon the Æolian harp of his backbone and ribs a sweet symphony of allegro rheumatics, he now looks forward to the day when he shall gather in the yellow crops, send them to the middleman, and try to live on what is left out of the proceeds.

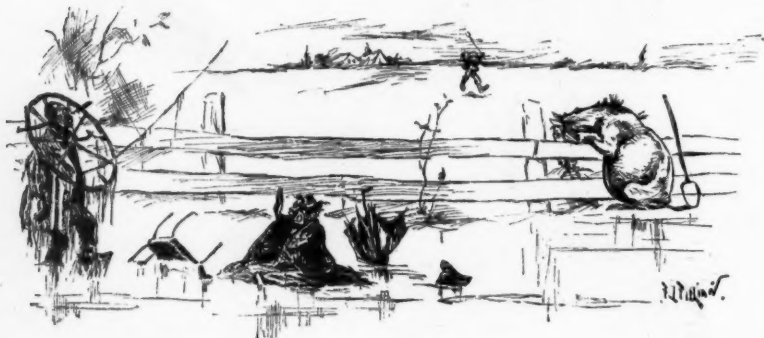
But the farmer does not look forward to the six weeks of drouth that are waiting for him in June, nor to the small boy who will set fire to his haystacks in July, nor to the foot-and-mouth disease that is going to snatch away the first born of his flocks, and leave him in the fall with a stock of aged cattle which won't give milk, and which, if converted into beef, would break the jawbone of a quartz crusher. The farmer will feed upon pork chops and broiled clam shells next winter, but he does n't look forward to that. The only crop that always grows for the farmer is hope, which blooms eternal in the farmer's breast.

No doubt the farmer would rather have tenderloin steak blooming in his breast; but, until this world is arranged on a new and improved plan, according to Herr Most or some other philosopher, the farmer has got to go on feeding on hope and wind fritters.

The poet always looks forward in the spring. Poets usually look forward all the year 'round, but more especially in the spring. Then the poet, like the snake and the toad, wakes up and begins to prospect. He rummages through his desk, and fishes out the great sonnet, "On a Tree Toad," which he wrote in a fit of Liebot-schaner inspiration one rare day in June, three years ago. He looks it over, and spends an hour in recollecting what editor it has not been sent to. He puts it in an envelope, and sends it off.

Then he begins to look forward. Far down the dusty streets of time he sees an aged man sitting on the bank of a river and playing on a yellow clarinet. Over his head a great oak tree, wound 'round and 'round with the tendrils of a wild grape-vine, spreads its protecting shade. Under his feet a smooth, soft carpet of rich grass is laid. Around his aged locks are twined garlands of woodland flowers, which shed their perfume 'round about him.

The woods are vocal with the flute-like notes of wrens, thrushes, chipmunks and cat-birds. Through the vistas of the trees wander gallant youths,



Ho!

and lovely maidens, singing the poet's songs, while from behind the trees and bushes the twinkling eyes of nymphs and satyrs, monads, hama-dryads, columbiads, and other assorted fairies peep out and view the happy scene. On the river are boats half-buried in flowers, drifting idly with the tide, as their occupants look love into one another's eyes, while all around them sport mermaids of passing beauty.

A strong centre-stage sunlight falls upon the poet's brow, and gleams along the yellow clarinet. Before the poet kneels a man. He is an editor. He wears an humble and suppliant aspect, as he bows low, and begs the poet to sell his magazine another sonnet, for which please find enclosed check for five hundred dollars. But the poet simply looks over his head, and tootles away on his yellow clarinet. And, having preluded with grace and judgement, he turns to an attendant and says:

"Boy, I bid thee strike me on thy lyre
The chord that once was lost but now is found."

The poet always speaks in blank verse now. The attendant lets loose the lost chord, and Wagner turns over in his grave while the poet sings:

"Kneeling or fainting, 'tis vain to pray for
A line for less than a thousand, you see;
And then I would call it a special favor—
A rare, fair, square, spare sonnet from me."

And the editor promises to go home and mortgage his wife and children, in order to pay the poet one thousand dollars for a sonnet.

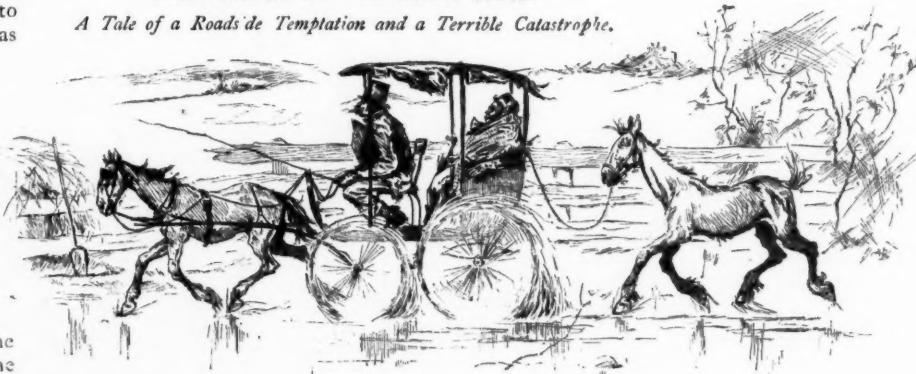
That's what the poet looks forward to. Does he get it? Oh, yes, he gets it—right in the neck. He gets the grand, four-ply, aggregated, intensified, concentrated, solidified, American blizzard bounce. And that sonnet on a tree-toad comes back to him, and tarries with him, even as the even-tide mince-pie returns in the raffled watches of the night, until he would that he were dead.

It's a great thing to look forward. Poets and farmers, however, can find more comfort by looking forward beyond the grave, where crows and caterpillars do not get in and steal, and where poetry commands a steady market price as fuel.

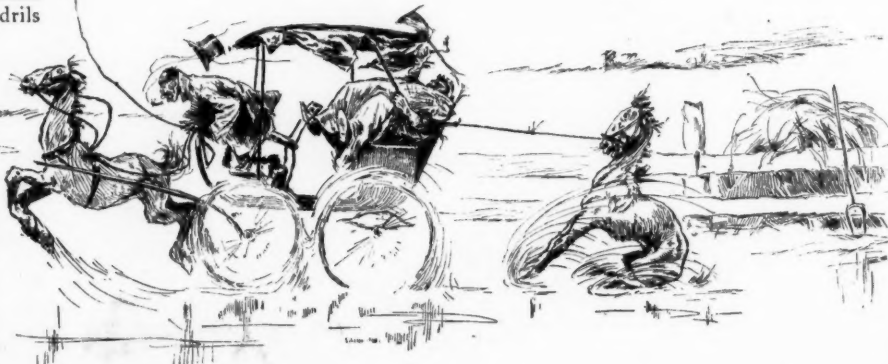
Tricotrin.

THE WRECK OF THE MARY JANE.

A Tale of a Road's de Temptation and a Terrible Catastrophe.



Hi!



Hay!

WE HAVE no doubt that the "Dead March" in "Saul" is very beautiful; but our entire thanksgiving is reserved, just now for the dead March in 1888.

THE MAN who lives in the country all winter, now has the laugh on the urbanite who has been guying him all winter.

IT IS SAID that the late John L. Sullivan weighed one hundred and eighty pounds when in training, and that at one time he was able to whip any man of his size in the world. Mr. Sullivan lived in Boston; but he died abroad.

NOT THE SAME.

BLYFIELD.—Did I understand you to say that the National Opera Company sings in English?

DUPONT (*facetiously*).—Yes, English as she is spoke.

BLYFIELD.—Oh, I thought it was English as she is broke.

THE VENDER flies the streets along
With roses and mignonette;
And the happy blue-bird sings his song
On the little white sign: "To let."



METROPOLITAN PECULIARITY.

THE NEW YORK correspondent of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, calls attention to the fact that the people of New York are given to staring at the most trivial and unimportant objects. A boiling tar-pot, he says, will draw a crowd. People will gather in swarms to see a safe hoisted into a tenth story window, and will stand gaping, at the peril of their lives. A few laborers digging a cellar will attract a throng of interested observers; a fire-balloon floating in the air will divert the attention of anxious men of business, engaged in their daily tasks. A hanging within the Tombs brings thousands to stare at the opaque walls. Even a practical joker, monkeying with the tin drinking-cup of a public fountain, will keep men from their homes and their dinners.

All of this is true enough. But has Mr. Trumbull observed no more? Has he not noticed that New Yorkers will pay no heed whatever to spectacles that are really of interest—that they take no shadow of interest in what is really odd, remarkable or of genuine import?

For instance, there is a gigantic crank, hair a yard in length, curled in oily ringlets down his back, who, from time to time, appears on the street, carrying a heavy stick, and rushing along at a gait of very nearly five miles an hour. The crowd through which he tears hardly glances at him. He has not, as yet, brained anybody with the big stick, in all the years he has been at large; if he does, some day, perhaps people will look at him. A few years ago there were two men, father and son, who paraded the streets bearing tin sandwich-boards the inscription whereon set forth that they had suffered certain grievous wrongs at the hands of vaguely described enemies. They were an odd enough pair, but they never drew a crowd until one of them developed acute mania and stabbed a few women on Fourteenth Street.

Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Tom-Ri-Jon, a pair of cranks who dressed in a sort of Greaser costume. She was a pretty woman, and she wore trousers of gray, with a red fringe down the seams. They stood at the corner of Beekman and Nassau Streets and peddled a crank publication. The only persons who deemed them worthy of notice were the policemen, who arrested them once in awhile, to no end. They were not disturbing the peace—it could not be alleged that anyone paid the slightest attention to them—so they were promptly discharged.

Then consider the case of the man who is now and then to be seen lying flat on the pavement. The hurrying throng will pass him by until a policeman picks him up. When it might be of interest to find out whether he be drunk or sick or dead, no New Yorker troubles himself to stop and look. But when the law has him safely in charge, he is followed to the station-house by a staring mob.

And look at the specimen of sculpture in Central Park, and the statue of Wm. E. Dodge at Broadway and Sixth Avenue. Such objects would certainly, in any European city, attract a curious crowd—perhaps even create a riot.

Yes, this is a strange town. If a man squats down on busy Broadway, and paints the commonest sort of a sign on a door-post, a throng of men and boys will be on hand to watch him, at any hour of the day, from morn to dewy eve. But let that same man dress up in a pink pea-jacket and yellow tights, and lead a giraffe from the Battery to Harlem, and not even a messenger-boy will stop to note the spectacle.

CONSIDERING THE capricious temperament of its Sultan, it would probably be difficult to render any formal agreement we might enter into with Morocco binding.



THE EFFECT OF THE CIRCUS.

MRS. HARLEM O'SHAYNE.—Pfwat 's this yellin' Oi hear?
ROSIE O'SHAYNE.—Jamesy's went an' glued himsilf on ould Con wid plasty-paris, an' it's har-r-dened on him!

AN ART SECRET.

"I don't see how you can afford to sell that picture so cheap, if it's a genuine Meissonier," said Mr. Gorham Ware to Mr. Eilenstein, the celebrated art-dealer.

"Vell, I tell you how it vos. Dot vos a leetle t'ing he bainted for Katzenmayer, my partner in Paris. Dem artists," explained Mr. Eilenstein, with a confidential wink, "dey get a leetle behint haend mit deir baint un' oil billss, un' Katzenmayer he say: 'gif us some leetle drifle, Mr. Meissonier, un' we gall it sqvare.' I sell you dot bicture for hundred fifty dollars right now, uf you vant him?"

HEAD-WORK — Shampooing.

ATHLETE.—The New York Battery is located near Bowling Green, where you would be immediately arrested if you undertook to play cricket.

THE PRINCE OF WALES Royal Highness is about five feet seven.

MOST OF Wagner's "Leit" motives are dark motives.

KERR AND RICHMOND are feeling very chipper. With the experiences of Squire, Flynn, and Longobardi in view, they feel quite sure that Mr. Fellows will be able to secure their triumphant acquittal.

NOTED DOWN — Eider.

IF SILENCE is golden, we know why the mint is in Philadelphia.



NATIVE DELICACY.

MISS FLORA COULTER (to MISS ROSE BOUCHE).—Oh, I've found a lovely pitcher plant! Come and help me transplant it!
FARMER SHAW.—I would n't touch that air, ladies! It's—er—ahem—er—civet-cat cabbage!

Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

VIII. ROME, N. Y.



IF ROME had been New York it would have been a bigger city. This is a fact, although the Romans won't acknowledge it.

Rome was founded some years later than the European city that bears its name; and, like the Rome of history (which is located in the same sunny land as Venice), Rome, New York, is not far from Watertown. The grand Mohawk Canal dashes impetuously through Rome, and at night the gayly colored lights of the canal-boats disporting up and down its calm, scintillant bosom, present a scene of such animation as Father Tiber has not seen since the grand old days when Marcus

T. Cicero took the stump against William Walter Catiline.

It will be remembered that Catiline remarked that he would return to Rome. It was not this Rome he meant. No man who ever succeeded in getting away from Rome, N. Y., ever went back, or wanted to.

The chief industry of Rome, N. Y., is shoveling snow in winter, and shooing flies in summer.

There are iron mills at Rome, but they emulate the mills of the gods—they go slow.

A great deal of capital finds its way into Rome. Nobody has yet discovered the subterranean channel where it comes out, although the small end of the horn where the investors come out is one of the attractions of the town, and is always shown visitors to the Eternal City, Jr.

In the matter of social gayety, Rome, N. Y., is the



leader of this section of the State. In 1879 a ball was given here, and last year there was a straw-ride for the young people; and every leap-year since Rome was founded witnesses one or two marriages.

Among the modern improvements, there are horse-cars which run every fourth hour, except on rainy days, when the prevailing hippotarianism of the car companies militates against the exposure of the horses, and the Roman borrows his neighbor's umbrella and walks to his place of business, arriving there in time to walk home again.

There are lamp-posts, two on each corner, with the names of the streets plainly indicated thereon.

The principal avenue of Rome is classically known as Appian Way Street.

In politics, the town was for Anti-Poverty, until Dr. McGlynn refused to go to Rome, when the voters swung around into the opposition, and now back poverty against the world.

It was in Rome that Mr. Cleveland's twelve hundred majority was cast, and for a time subsequent to the election, the question of changing the town's name from Rome to Warwick, to signify the King-maker, was mooted.

If Rome lives to complete the hundredth year of its existence, it will be a century old.

Carlyle Smith.



IN THE MERRY SPRING-TIME.

(A fragment from among the newly discovered Stratford MSS.)

No reader is in luck
Unless he reads in Puck.
Sing heigh, the merry Puck,
Sing ho, the splendid luck!
To slave and Muck-a-muck,
In silk or huck-a-buck,
Brings Puck an equal luck.
Brings, too, an equal luck
To those who drive the buck-
Saw, tally-ho or truck.
Such is the merry Puck,
Sing ho, the splendid luck!
Sweet lovers love their Puck.

—Adt.

DEPEND UPON IT, my son, Justice thinks twice before indicting a millionaire.

THE BREWERS who are on strike made sure that there was three or four months' supply of beer on hand before they went out. A strike without beer would be a dismal failure.

A MAN who can play so shrewd a game as Bismarck, should n't let himself be beaten by a pair of queens.

THE SPIRIT of the Times does not teach Philadelphia speed.



COOL.

MR. MORRIS DOCK. — Was that you pulling the bell?

DALY GRUBB (a tramp). — Yes.

MR. MORRIS DOCK. — What do you want?

DALY GRUBB. — I want an umbrella — yer piazza roof leaks.

HISTRIONIC REALITIES.

UTILITY LADY (hurrying in breathless, five minutes after the call for the distribution of parts for the new spectacular production). — What do I get?

STAGE MANAGER (promptly). — You get fifty cents fine for bein' late, and you're the Empress of India in the prologue and Queen of Night in the last act; and you don't want to show up in them dizzy old blue satin shoes again, for you've got to sit on a gold throne ten feet high and put your foot on the neck of the King of Persia in the last act. Now you come here to-morrow at ten, letter-perfect, or you'll be back in the second row, carryin' a tin sword, first thing you know!

A HORSE WAS recently sold for five thousand dollars. And yet he was only a quarter horse.

THIS is the time that the haughty ruralite with a spare room or two decides to take a few boarders — just for company.

SET OUT the crimson hyacinth,
And let the old hose squirt
About the garden's labyrinth
Of vine and shrub and dirt;
And then get out the racker and
The flannel tennis shirt.

PICKLE. ANSWERS for the ANXIOUS

VILLANELLIST.—Your Pegasus does n't cost much for keep, does he?

J. w. w.—Take a reef in your name, and in your aspirations.

R. MC M.—As you say, you have seen things in Puck that were no better than your poem. In fact, as you remark, your poem is quite as good as many things you have seen in Puck. But why remind us of so sad a fact? And why not give us something that is better than anything you have seen in Puck? It should be a mere bagatelle to you. Come, toss us off a masterpiece!

ELLIOT F. S.—Your serial, "The Generations of Enoch," is interesting; but too personal for our use.

J. MICKLE.—What do we think of your hand-writing? Well, for one thing, we think it is too good to waste on literary pursuits.

J. G. B., FLORENCE.—No, we do not want a foreign correspondent.

JOHN SELKIRK.—We will stand between you and a vengeful public, if it takes the last inch of our waste-basket to do it.

SWEET WILLIAM.—Saccharine Gulielmus, you come too late in the day. The form of album verse which you construct is not particularly offensive; but the taste for it died out with the taste for horse-hair sofas.

VILLON JONES.—Dear boy, the rondeau is called in, and the rondel is dead, and there is no resurrection for the villanelle, and the ballade is a penal offense. Please take note, and govern yourself accordingly.

PATERFAMILIAS.—It may be a fact; but the fun oozes out of it when it gets into cold print. That little boy of yours may be highly amusing in the family circle; but the great, wide, breezy world is too spacious for his style of humor. You had better let him be the autocrat of your private breakfast-table for awhile before you introduce him to the universe as a humorist.

V. D.—A congress of pugilists could n't persuade us that "lamb" rhymes with "man."

MC DOWELL.—We have made a diagnosis of the case, as you request. There is nothing the matter with your joke, beyond senile dementia.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear, for I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother—I'm to be Queen of the May."

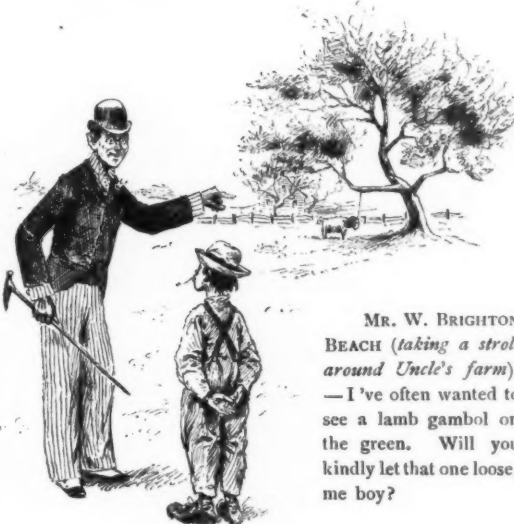
"Very well, my dear," replied the mother, dropping easily into prose: "but on no account leave off your red flannels."

AFTER AWHILE the St. Louis Browns will excite the envy of the Boston Adams's.

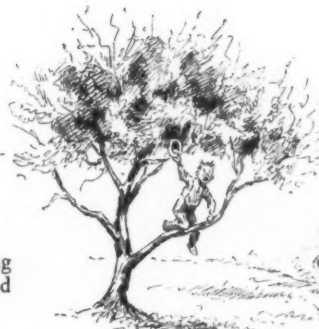
NO MAN, however wealthy, should fail to have a due regard for the law. The statute of limitations, for instance, is a very useful sort of a thing to have around handy when you need it.

THE GREAT TROUBLE with chills and fever is that the two things—although it is a compound malady—are not properly mixed. When you have the chill, you yearn for the fever to warm you up, and when the fever arrives, you would give a high hat for just enough of the recent chill to make your teeth chatter like a chair rung being drawn along a new picket fence.

SPORTING NOTE.



MR. W. BRIGHTON BEACH (taking a stroll around Uncle's farm).—I've often wanted to see a lamb gambol on the green. Will you kindly let that one loose, me boy?



BUSINESS IDEA.

MR. JOB LOTT.—You have forgotten to close the safe-door, Stone?
MR. KIRBY STONE.—I leave it open on purpose. I don't want burglars to destroy a two-thousand-dollar safe to get a few dollars.

TEMPERED WITH MERCY.

The Art Critic stood in the North Gallery of the National Academy of Design, and told his friend about the pictures.

"Now, here," he said: "here's this 'Sunset near Quahaug,' of young Bichimen's. Now, that's a disgrace to the exhibition. No tone—no feeling—no quality—and the drawing makes me weep. If ever a picture deserved a dressing-down—"

Just here the clerk came along and stuck a "sold" card in the frame.

"But I'm not going to say so in the paper," the Art Critic concluded: "there's no use in discouraging a hard-working fellow like Bichimen, and he's got a mother to support."

WE KNOW NOW why Col. Elliot F. Shepard bought the *Mail and Express*. He had got tired of going about the country painting "Sinner, Repent!" and similar cheering texts among the patent medicine advertisements on the fences.

"BEFORE I GET a cape-coat like that thing you've got on," said Mr. Mossback, excitedly: "I'll be found dead in a gutter."

"I think it extremely probable," replied Mr. Kortan, peacefully: "several of your friends have told me you would, sooner or later."

SUCH A LOT he knew of winds and clouds and vapors, That the wondering people called him weather-wizard;

Till a blizzard he predicted for the papers—
And the blizzard that he longed for never came.



ME BOY (from his perch).—Even bets on ole Butter fer place!

THE DARKTOWN BAND.

E BENEZER,
Lan' fo' goodness!
What's de mattah
Wid dat drum?
Say, yo' raskil,
Poun' dat sheepskin
'Till yo' mak' dose
Echoes hum.
Silus Jackson,
Hump yo' muscle—
Dose dar sunballs
Is fo' noise,
An' I reckon
Dat yo' bettah
Jine 'long wid de
Res' de boys.

Hurry up, dar,
Mistah Simpsin,
Jes' unkink dat
Trambone ho'n!
Let yo' medley
Shake de zephyrs
Rasslin' wid de
Tassle co'n.
Luk yar, Abram
Lincum Penstock,
Dar's no flies on
Dis yar strife!
Pucker up yo'
Meat-trap, niggah,
Blow de "White Wings"
Frough dat fife.



Now, den, ready—
One, two, tree, fo'—
Stop! de tuber
Am quite flat;
Turn her upside down,
By golly!
Dar, yo' see,
A ring-tail rat.
Now, pursed agin,
An' hustle,
One, two, tree, fo'—
Hol'! Oh, Lo'd!
What's de reason
Dat dis music
Is combine ob
Much disco'd?

Is yo' ready?
One, two, tree, fo'—
Hol' dat book up—
Let her bim!
We'm the Darktown
Musically—
Blow dat bass-drum
Wid mo' vim.
Dar's dose maidens
Waitin' anxious
Fo' to see de
Lilies pass;
Now, den, "White Wings,"
Jes' yo' rustle—
Whoo! dar—
Who blow out dat gas?
H. S. Keller.



NOTHER CIPHER.

IN THIS free and enlightened age of iconoclasts and Anarchists, no well-regulated household can afford to be without a Shakespeare cipher. It is coming to be regarded as an article quite as indispensable as the patent-medicine almanac. The only question which is likely to agitate the mind of the sober and thoughtful householder is one which regards the comparative merits of the various ciphers now on the market. One great objection to the Donnelly cipher is the expense. Of course, it is reasonably argued that if a man is bent on buying a cipher it's better for him to put a little money into it and be sure of a good thing; but, at the same time, if a good cipher, warranted absolutely sound and healthy in every particular, can be bought at a merely nominal price, the people are bound to have it, instead of investing in a double back-action Donnelly. I am prepared to put a simple and efficacious cipher upon the market at a popular price, and I have made arrangements to protect myself against infringements.

This is the recipe: take the undiluted name as a basis, and write it out in full, thus:—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The candid reader, if his name is William, or if he has a friend whose name is William, will readily admit that nothing is easier or more natural than the light and airy transition from William to Bill. As a result of this first step, we get the mathematical formula:

William = Bill. Therefore, William Shakespeare = Bill Shakespeare. With this result as our groundwork, hie with me for an instant to airy realms of abstract speculation. It is evident that Bacon's clue must be sought for in the first few letters of our groundwork; and what more natural or significant than the first two letters "Bi"? [cf. Bi-Carbonate of Soda, Bi-ceps, Bi-George, etc.] This means that we are to consider every other letter, beginning with the first, and drop out the rest. Thus we get from Bill Shakespeare the letters:

B l s a e p a e.

Repeat this process, and the result is:

B — s — e — a.

Now, then, as S E = C, we can substitute C for SE, and we have:

B C A.

Do you comprehend? By inversion of C A, our symbol becomes BAC.

This is significant and suggestive; but to complete our symbol we must appeal to abstract thought again, and I ask you in all fairness, what could be more reasonable than that I should say: "Do you catch on?" "You reply: "I do." "Add it, then," I say. You grope in thought for a moment. "Add what?" you ask yourself, and then a light strikes you between the eyes and you reply to your own question: "Add on, of course!" Which you proceed to do, and your cipher is complete:

BAC + ON = BACON.

This is neat and reliable; but I have a still simpler cipher (copyrighted) at the same price, which I beg leave to spread out before a discriminating public. It is a specimen of pure mathematics and easy of comprehension:

Bill Shakespeare = Bard of Avon.

As this is a bi-literal cipher we chop up our last result and get:

Bard of Avon = Ba + rd + of + Av + on. Now, Rd + of + av = C. (I could prove this, but my space is limited. Some day I will write a book and explain it.)

Therefore:

Bard of Avon = BA + C + ON, and Bill Shakespeare = BACON.

It strikes me that the charming simplicity of my two ciphers will recommend them to the thoughtful reader who is contemplating buying anything in the cipher line for the holidays. W. S. Case.

FROM NEW YORK to Montreal seems to be the standing jump.

IT IS SAID that since German opera came into fashion beer is much less popular than it was formerly. We are convinced that some great social truth is hidden in the bosom of this fact. We don't know exactly where to find it; but it's there just the same.

ITS ORIGIN.

Out of the tombs of men long dead—

Out of Oblivion's night—

The cry comes: "Helen's hair was red!"

The wooden horse was white!"

C. H. L.



OUR VIEW OF THE CASE.



TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK—Sir:

In your issue of March 21st, you represent Uncle Sam reduced to poverty, and compelled to sell out to pay anticipated pension claims.

You have another picture, glorifying the late Emperor William for consolidating and building up the German Empire, from which it is to be assumed you think it was well done, and it doubtless was. But good things cost money, and why not represent Germany as having to sell out, as well as the United States? Surely, if it was well to build up a nation, it was just as worthy a piece of work to save one from disruption, and it should

be paid for. The men who saved the union, and to whom pensions are paid, were not professional soldiers and sailors; and I think Germany would much rather pay our pensions than what she had and has to pay to keep her tremendous armies, both in war and peace. And if Germany can stand the expense, surely Uncle Sam can.

I have to confess, I am one of those pension "monomaniacs," and am not ashamed to own it—and I believe this country should deal generously with its defenders, and I verily believe it will—and why should it not? The Treasury is overflowing with wealth, and the only (serious) proposition to reduce the overflow is to take part of the tax off whiskey and tobacco. Perhaps, when a few more pensioners die off, if Congress does not pass any more pension bills, we might be able to take all the taxes off whiskey and tobacco, and that would be so much better than paying pensions.

There are many men now, in hospitals and poor-houses, suffering from disabilities resulting from services during the War of the Rebellion; many of them entitled to a pension, but not able to comply with the cast-iron rules of the Pension Bureau. I know some, myself, in that category—men too proud to apply for a pension so long as they could earn a living; but now, when they are broken down and not able to work, it is too late to get a pension, because they can not, at this late date, get the required evidence. To cover these cases is impossible without more liberal legislation.

I am not in need of, neither am I asking for a pension; but my heart bleeds when I look at the misery and suffering of those who wore the blue. Of course, I shall be met with the retorts that "they are not good veterans;" "No good veteran asks for a pension, or any aid from the Government;" "They are 'coffee-coolers,' 'shirkers,'" etc. I am a bad veteran myself, but I can not help it; I was born that way; and I have an idea that this sneering at men is because they dare ask for their rights, that they look for the Nation they saved from destruction to keep in letter and in spirit the promises made in '61 and '62.

I am aware of the fact that it has become fashionable, in certain quarters, to ridicule the veterans of the late war; and any disgruntled old fish-fag that will give the G. A. R. a slap in the face is looked upon as one that has done a brave action.

I wish to ask you, Mr. Editor, if it would not be just as well to retain the tax on whiskey and tobacco, and pay it out in pensions? I would ask, also, if this country is not as well able to meet its obligations as Germany?

In conclusion, don't you think it would be well to give the G. A. R. a rest? The members are fast dying off, and there must be an end of the order in the near future; and this ought to console the most inveterate veteran-hater.

Hoping you will not be bored too much with the perusal of this screed, and trusting that the office-goat may not find it interferes with his digestion, I'll close, and sign as a

Veteran.

As you say, Veteran, the world outside of the G. A. R. is principally composed of thieves, murderers, incendiaries, and villains generally—what! you did not say anything of the sort? Why, no, of course you did not. But why should not we put words into your mouth if you take the same liberty with us, and impute to us sentiments we have neither felt nor expressed?

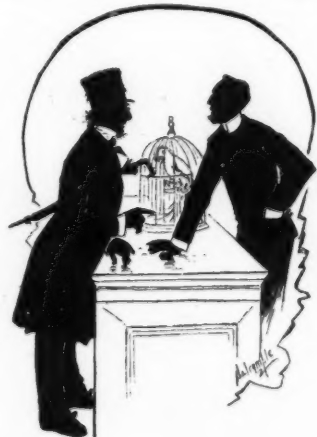
Is not it silly, come now, tell us, to talk of "veteran haters"? Who is a veteran hater? Why should we, or any one else, hate the veterans of the civil war? Is not it possible that we may have a lively sense of their devotion to their country, and yet feel it our duty to oppose them if we think they are making unfair and unreasonable demands upon her?

Now, let us see if we can not make it clear to you why we are opposed to any further pension legislation.

You ask us if it is not a good thing to build up a country, and we can not afford to pay for our Union as well as Germany can for hers? To both of these questions we answer "Yes." We can afford to pay almost anything in money; but we can afford to pay nothing in loss of natural self-respect. But you seem to put the matter on a money basis. So be it.

The states of Germany, as you know, had the choice between extinction and unification at any cost. They chose the latter alternative,

and they have paid a fearful price. Germany calls herself "a nation of soldiers." We in this free country can not conceive what a burden is



A HOPELESS QUEST.

THE DEACON.—Mr. Feathers, I'd like to get a good parrot; one that is not tricky, and won't pick up slang, you know.

FEATHERS.—Don't see what I can do for you, sir. I don't keep stuffed birds.

thus thrown upon her citizens. Yet Germany, to support an army of 450,000, (this is roughly the peace-footing,) pays this year between \$86,000,000 and \$87,000,000. The United States paid last year for pensions over \$74,815,000. Since 1861, (inclusive,) the United States has paid more than \$883,000,000 in pensions. We are now carrying on the rolls 406,000 pensioners—an army two-thirds the size of the whole rebel army. And remember, dear Veteran, that when you rushed—or were drafted to the front, you got from \$13 to \$17 monthly pay, if you were a private. If you were a volunteer, you got a bounty of \$360. Remember also that since the war the preference has been generally given to veterans in appointing to public office. Does not this look as though the government had kept, in letter and in spirit, the promises it made in 1861? What promises have been made and not kept? What more do you ask? "We must have," says one of the organs of the Grand Army of the Republic, "a service-pension bill." Is it possible that you went into the war not to fight for your homes and for the unity of the country, but to do three years' service and to draw a soldier's pay for all the rest of your days? We have been grateful to you, dear Veteran; we have admired and respected your patriotism; but if we are to understand that these were your terms for going to the front, there must be a certain diminution in our gratitude, and a doubt must steal into our mind as to the genuineness of your patriotism. For on such terms, guaranteed by a responsible government, it would be easy to raise, here and now, an army to go to any part of the earth, and fight for any cause—an army of mercenaries.

Frankly, we do not believe that you or your organization fairly represent the feelings or opinions of the best of the men who fought through the war. We believe that you have been worked upon by the



HOW HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT.

(Ingenious device of Mr. DANA. He has ordered a powerful reducing glass substituted for the ordinary panes in the window of his sanctum which faces the new "World" Building.)

MR. DANA (solil.).—Now I can see the World as I have always thought of it—small—oh, so very small!

pension-agents, and by politicians who want your votes, until you have fallen into a hysterical condition which serves to conceal from yourselves the fact that you are anxious to get money from the government without considering whether or no the government ought to pay it to you. And you must pardon us if we feel some doubt as to the honesty of claims for pensions that are brought forward at this late date. They may be good, some of them. But we have lived under a Republican administration for twenty-one years of the twenty-five that have passed since the war was virtually concluded. And it is a quarter of a century since Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

Dear Veteran, we would have every veteran's widow and every disabled veteran receive a proper pension. And, under our liberal laws, such pensions should have been allowed years ago. But we sincerely wish to believe that the man who went into the war for the Union, fought his fight manfully, came out unscathed and took up the greater battle of life, is to-day too manly a man to beg his living of the people, twenty-five years after the war. We sincerely wish to believe that he took up his task not to make money, but to serve his country. And you are doing your best to shake that belief.

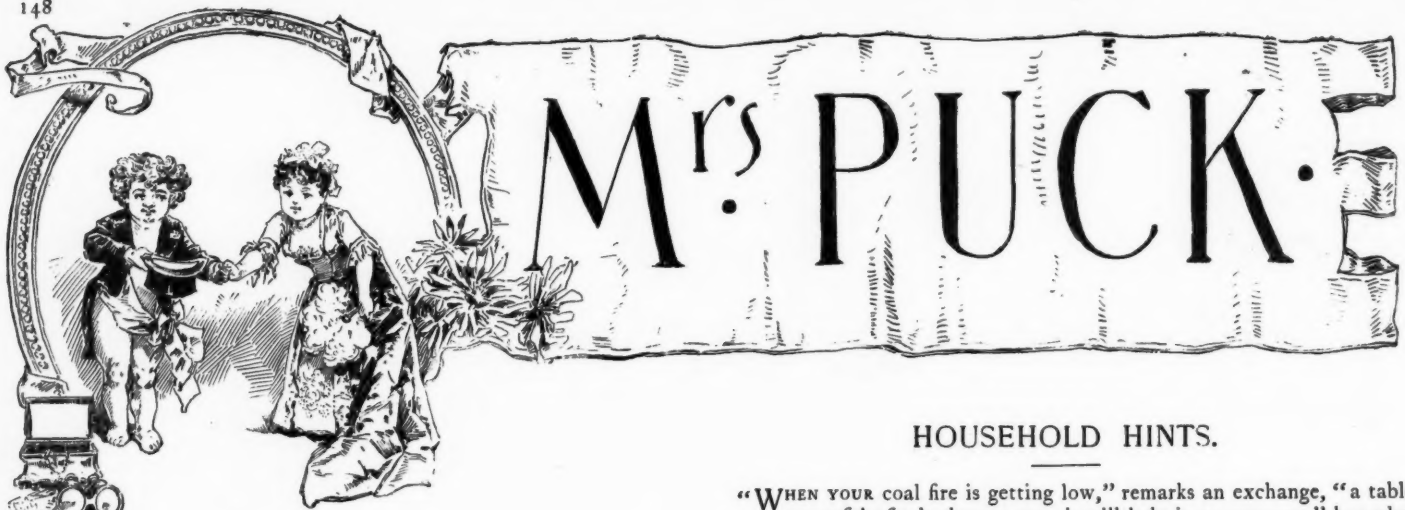


BIDDING FOR HIS VOTE.

PUCK.

THE
Grand Army Vote
WILL BE DELIVERED
TO THE
BIDDER
OFFERING THE
MOST PENSIONS.
By order of
PENSION AGENT.





Mrs. PUCK.

SIC PASSIM.

ALONE SHE stood in majesty,
On either side a motley crowd,
Men of all stations, ranks in life,
They saw her not, each head was bowed.

She looked them o'er with glance of scorn,
Each was afraid to meet her eye —
Imperious, regal, mighty, she
Seemed all of mankind to defy.

Was she a despot, these her slaves
Who humbly bowed to do her will?
A reigning queen whose anger fierce
With terror each man's heart did fill?

Ah, no! 't was but a single case
That history does each day repeat —
She stood alone within a car
Where every man retained his seat.
Flavel S. Mines.

FASHION NOTES.

SLEEVES ARE NOT yet long enough to laugh i and conversation in society is consequently still somewhat constricted.

THE "ROSE PARASOL" is the latest. We suppose any confessions made in their breezy shadows will be considered *sub rosa*.

PUFFS ARE AGAIN fashionable, especially in the newspapers. They are generally lined, and often come quite expensive, at about two dollars a line.

THE NEWEST THING in veils is a strip of fine wire gauze. It will be much worn at Bergen Point and other mosquito districts.

"BLACK SILKS are always in demand," says a fashion writer. He is evidently a husband and a father.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS are as popular as ever. Sometimes they are set with diamonds, and sometimes they are set on the snowy finger with a kiss. They are generally warranted to wear a long time, but some young ladies wear out as many as six different rings in one season. Gentlemen, however, with care, can often use the same ring through several seasons. It is advisable to have a hole bored in the centre to put the finger through.



AN ELDER SISTER'S MISTAKE.

ELDER SISTER (aged twenty-four).—I'm sorry you can't go, Maud; but you know Mama thinks you are too young to enter society.
YOUNGER SISTER (aged eighteen).—No, Cicely, Mama does n't think I'm too young; she thinks you are too old for me to enter society.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

"WHEN YOUR coal fire is getting low," remarks an exchange, "a tablespoonful of salt thrown over it will help it to come up;" but when the coal-scuttle is getting low, if Bridget will not help it to come up, you must go down for it yourself. You can reserve the tablespoonful of salt for the author of the above paragraph.

IT IS A good plan to keep a coil of strong wire about the carriage, as it may prove useful in mending broken harness, and in preventing the carriage from falling apart on rough roads. It should not be so coiled, however, as to prevent opening and shutting the carriage doors.

A CONTEMPORARY ADVISES mixing stove polish with vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar; but in fashionable circles it is considered better form to serve it with mayonnaise dressing.

"A FEW OYSTER SHELLS will remove clinkers from the grate," says *Good Cheer*. An Irishman with a shovel and a wheelbarrow will remove the oyster shells.

TRY BUTTERMILK for the removal of tan and walnut stains and freckles. If that is not efficacious, try sand-paper.

FOR VENTILATION, open your windows top and bottom. If that is not sufficient, knock out a pane or two.

IN SHAVING dried beef for breakfast, if the razor be sharp, no lather need be applied.

A PENNSYLVANIA BREAKFAST dish is called "flannel cakes." They clothe the inner man.

BREAD ALUM MODE is not considered wholesome.

THERE ARE some people in this world who never can bring themselves to say that velvet is "cheaper" than velvet, or that plated ware is "cheaper" than silver. They say "better," or "just as good."

THE PINK TEA has now a dangerous rival in the yellow breakfast. The blue luncheon, however, will hold its own with the downtown husbands until business picks up.

YOKES are almost discarded in the city, but still hold their own in the country. Many rural families use the same patterns as their forefathers. Double yokes are the most fashionable.

CORDING IS A very desirable style for the country at this time of year. Many persons have available pieces of woodland which can be corded now with great advantage. Green cords are the most common.

IT WAS A Western girl who thought the wake robin a bird.



THE POWERS THAT BE.

MRS. GORHAM WARE.—Henry, I wish you would please not smoke around the house any more.

MR. GORHAM WARE.—Why, my love, you've often said you rather fancied a good cigar!

MRS. GORHAM WARE.—I know it, dear, but—the cook objects; and I'd like to keep our name out of the courts, you know.

FASHION'S TASTE IN TINTS.

That was a queer lot of greens and heliotropes that Fashion made popular last year; but this year's colors beat 1887 out of sight. The names of a few may give some faint idea of their respective characters. M. Worth announces that the following will be the tints most in vogue: in greens we are to have "diseased ghost," "weary watermelon" and "retired cheese." "Spoiled moon" will also be considered very chic. Among the mauves and heliotropes "forgotten lobster" is to be the favorite, although "faded apoplexy" will please many. The rouge to be worn with the new shades should be qualified with a touch of purple.

A TEST OF AFFECTION.

MR. BILLINGTON (*earnestly*).—Ah, Miss Laura, would that there were something I might do, however difficult, to show the ardent affection—

MISS COOINGTON.—There is; but I'm afraid you'll find it too hard.

MR. BILLINGTON.—Oh, name it; I will be only too happy—

MISS COOINGTON.—Well, just stop talking nonsense, please.

HER HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

DR. MEANWELL.—And how are you feeling to-day, Mrs. Moribund?

MRS. MORIBUND.—Poorly, Doctor, poorly. When I am gone, I hope you will look after the health of Johnnie and the baby.

DR. MEANWELL.—Oh, I would n't take so hopeless a view of the case. You will get better.

MRS. MORIBUND.—No, doctor; I will not feed upon false hopes. In fact, I don't wish to live. Mrs. Sickles has always tried to make out that her health was more seriously affected than mine. When she sees my pulseless form, and all those rows of empty medicine bottles on the closet shelves, she will have to acknowledge that I came out ahead.

SOME OTHER EVENING.

MRS. NUWED (*reproachfully*).—Surely, you're not going out again to-night, Henry?

MR. NUWED.—Oh, no, not again; this trip will keep me until midnight.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

MISTRESS (*pumping*).—Hold the pitcher under the spout, Bridget!

BIDDY O'GALWAY (*under training*).—Oh, Mother uv Moses! Lookit! Sich a t'ing! All yez have to do is to be shakin' that stick, an' yez get hould o' one ind o' the wather, an' jist pull out a rope of it. Sich a t'ing. Sure, ma'am, the on'y kind o' a pump we have in Ireland is a bucket.

A BARBEROUS SUGGESTION.

He had left his stylographic pen at the office, and she had kindly offered him her gold one.

But his struggles with it were painful in the extreme; and, after vain endeavors to curtail the trailing accompaniments that blurred each word, he shouted: "Great Scott, Janet! If you'll give this pen a hair-cut and shampoo, I'll try to read my own writing!"



NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

MISS GRAVES.—Ah, Mr. Tapely, you decided to join our Fasching, after all.

MR. TAPELY.—Ya-as, you see charity brings out one's good points so.



MRS. PUCK'S SHOPPING LIST.

While undoubtedly the supremacy of the diviner sex is largely due to character, her character is most plainly traced in the taste displayed in the garments she wears. This claim undisputed, then nothing can be more important to a lady for her household than a perfect Sewing Machine for the manufacture of her apparel.

The Wheeler & Wilson M'fg Co., as the outcome of 40 years' experience, now offer for the Home of every lady the NEW HIGH-ARM FAMILY MACHINE "NO. 9," which so perfectly affords the qualities that have been sought for that I can not do better than to give without any reservation the claim of the Company, viz: "Those who wish a Sewing Machine embodying all the best results of inventive skill, and constructed to do the best of service for a life-time, should not fail to examine our 'No. 9.' The specific points of excellence are: *Ease, Rapidity and Precision of Action, Uniformity of Tension and Perfection of Seam, Simplicity and Durability, Elegance of Design, Form and Quality of Cabinet Work, and general attractiveness of appearance as a whole.*"

If any persons still doubt the superiority of the Sohmer Piano let them try for themselves and be convinced, not only that the Sohmer is the best, but that it will continue to be the best.

All interviews with our sisters give a uniform testimony in favor of GLYCEROLE for a Shoe Polish. It preserves the leather in as soft and pliable condition as when new, and gives a perfectly natural finish; a lady will never repent making this a special favorite for her toilet-room, while she may repent using other Leather Dressings, which, instead of preserving a lady's shoe, only destroy it.

If you have a Sewing Machine, do not be without a Smith & Egge Button Hole Attachment. We have tried it, and it makes a perfect button hole in a jiffy. It saves all that dreary labor which is the necessary but most tiresome part of making a garment; and it makes it more perfect and durable than can be done by hand.

One of the things that meets with universal admiration from my sisters for the household is a first-class Folding Bed. Many make large claims, but one in every way satisfactory, artistic, durable, and working with unflinching ease, is the Union Folding Bed, which I recommend to you in the most unreserved manner. Warehouses, No. 3 14th Street.

F. A. Kennedy & Co.'s Biscuits are very strongly recommended by good housekeepers. Their "Fruit Cake," in 1 lb. and 2 lb. cans, is a perfect table acquisition very highly prized. All their goods are pure.

A DINING-CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

The completion of the all-rail line known as the "Shasta Route," between Portland, Ore., and San Francisco, Cal., gives the trans-continental traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous Dining-Car and Yellowstone Park route, the Northern Pacific Railroad.

While the Northern Pacific has long been the favorite line to Fargo, Moorhead, Grand Forks, Fergus Falls, Helena, Butte, Portland, Ore., Victoria, B. C., and the only rail route to Jamestown, Bismark, Miles City, the Yellowstone Park, Bozeman, Spokane Falls, Tacoma, Seattle, and many other prominent Western points, it is only recently that rates between the East and San Francisco were made the same by this route as by the older lines. On application to any Agent of the Northern Pacific, your nearest Ticket Agent, or CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn., you will receive, free of charge, Illustrated Tourist Books, Yellowstone Park Folders, Time Tables, Rates, and general information, with reference to the country traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad.

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



MRS. PUCK'S SHOPPING LIST.

MRS. PUCK'S ADVICE.

What to Get First.

Sisters, let me talk to you. The thing you need most in your lovely establishments is something that will make you sure of *keeping* them, is n't it? Well, you won't do it if your husband dies and leaves nothing. You know it won't be fat picking for you decorating pottery, or making shirts, or even calling on friends for help.

Now, suppose he puts a nice little fortune where *he* can't get at it, and *you* can, if he stops earning forever? or where *both* can have it just about when the boys want to go to college, and the girls to where the nicest young men will see them and feel their knees begin to tremble?

Then you need n't worry about falling off a steple on to a pile of rocks: the policy makes a soft cushion only part way down; the boys can have a start, and the girls a chance, and *you* some decent comfort.

How can he do it? Bless you, THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn., is run to enable men to do that very thing, at a cost that would hardly cripple a hod-carrier, and with a rock-bound security that makes the Andes blush at their own weakness. If he wants to pile up protection for both, it will insure him against death by accident, with a good weekly indemnity while he is disabled from work, at a rate comparable only to a Dakota thermometer in January. If he wants to get the money back himself, the Company practically gives him the insurance for nothing, pays him 4 per cent. compound interest on the money he pays in premiums, and returns him at the end of the term much more than he has paid in. The greediest of men can't ask better terms than that, can he? And is he doing his decent duty by *you* if he does n't snap at it?

One thing more: don't let him fool away his cash on concerns that have no money, and can't pay you a cent till they have passed around the hat and collected it from a lot of other people, and are in consequence always liable to go to pieces when a big claim comes due, and which pay, on the average, less than 20 cents on the dollar. You had better have *no* policy than one that you can't bet on, and which leaves you an anxious heart, and will probably leave you penniless. Don't let him be gulled by talk about "cheapness." A thing that you can't get after you have paid for it, is n't cheap at half a cent.

THE TRAVELERS has about \$10,000,000 of resources, nearly \$2,000,000 surplus above all its debts, and over half a million is *cash in bank*; so that it could pay a \$500,000 loss in *one day*, and \$1,900,000 in a few days, without closing its doors. It has lived nearly a quarter of a century, has paid back to its policy-holders nearly *fifteen millions of dollars*, and pays them \$4,500 a day straight through every year at present. Make him hear in mind the good old moral: "Insure in THE TRAVELERS."

Low Rates to Northwestern Iowa and Southern Dakota.

April 24, May 8 and 22, and June 5 and 19 the Illinois Central Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Iowa Falls and all stations west on its line at rate of one fare for round trip, tickets good to return within thirty days, and good for stop-over privileges west of Iowa Falls.

For further particulars and copy of "Attractions of Northwestern Iowa and Southern Dakota" address F. B. BOWEN, General Northern Passenger Agent, 121 Randolph street, Chicago. 242

SPECIAL LAND EXCURSIONS.

On April 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888, the "Burlington Route," C. B. & Q. R. R., will run Special Land Excursions from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota, and to points in Colorado east of and including Akron and Sterling on the B. & M. R. R. and Sterling on the U. P. Railway, at greatly reduced rates. This will afford home-seekers, land buyers and others an excellent opportunity for the inspection of the fertile country of central, north-western and south-western Nebraska and north-western Kansas, reached by the new extensions of the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. in Nebraska. Also, to visit the rich agricultural districts of Dakota and Minnesota reached by the Burlington Route. A great reduction in rates will also be made to Texas, New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas points on April 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888. For tickets, general or further information regarding the above, apply to any ticket agent of its own or connecting lines or address, PAUL MORTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Illinois. 231

PUCK'S LIBRARY

No. 1.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Fred. Brown's Preparations

THE GENUINE. *Fred. Brown's* **Ginger** ESTABLISHED 1822

CHOLERA MIXTURE.
PRESERVED TARAXACUM JUICE.
MUTTER'S COUGH SYRUP.
BITTER WINE OF IRON.
COOPER'S ANTI-BILIOTIC PILLS.
CHAPMAN'S ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.
WISTAR'S COUGH LOZENGES, (ORIGINAL PRESCRIPTION)
MRS. HARVEY'S COUGH SYRUP.
DENTIFRICE, IN BOTTLES.
DENTIFRICE, IN TIN CANISTERS, FOR TRAVELERS.
ARABIAN RAGAHOUT, IN CONVENIENT BOTTLES.
CAMPHORATED CHALK DENTIFRICE.
FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC POWDER.
AROMATIC TINCT. MYRRH.
WINE OF BEEF AND IRON.

These Preparations are all manufactured with great care, from the best and most carefully selected materials; many of them are Prescriptions of eminent Physicians, and have been used and prescribed for a long series of years. Each Preparation is warranted to be as represented.

"Did your son take the valedictory in college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her off-spring.

"No, indeed, he did n't," she replied, with pride: "he did n't take anything. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw." — *Washington Critic.*

CARPETS must be made to know their place. They can be put down at once if they rebel, or they may be taken up and shaken. — *New Orleans Picayune.*

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No. 2.

"THE SUMMER BOARDER."

CHERRY BLOSSOM

PERFUME
TOILET
POWDER
& SOAP

NUN NICER

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gonnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 23, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual
 Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from Infringing Messrs. John Gonnell and Co.'s
 Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM

BOBBY.—Ma, can I stay home from school
 to-day?

MOTHER.—Yes, Bobby; your Father wants
 you to help him to put up the parlor stove.

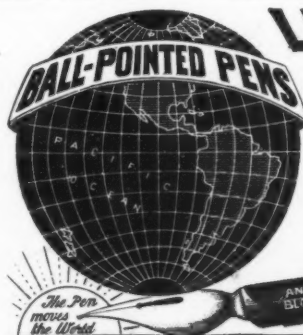
BOBBY.—Well, Ma, why can't I go to school?
 —*Ex.*

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us
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 ly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUB & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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 from blotting, but give a firm grip.
 Price, 5, 15 & 20 cts. Of all Stationers.



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NEW YORK TO THE FRONT!

A Matter which Concerns You.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbors, men and women whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubting mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should longer be ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others; do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength.

NEW YORK (143 3rd Ave.), Feb. 19, 1888.—After using "Warner's Safe Cure," I take pleasure in stating that I have found it the greatest remedy for the kidneys in the world. I would inform you that I followed the profession of a "Pedestrian" for upwards of twenty years and am proud to state that I retired as Champion Endurance Pedestrian of the world. I then became manager of Walking and Bicycle Matches. The severe strain told upon my kidneys. I suffered untold misery. I was induced to try "Warner's Safe Cure" and after taking six (6) bottles, I am enabled to say I am better than I have been in ten years. I will with pleasure answer any parties who may desire information.

Harry Brooks

BROOKLYN (458 Henry St.), Jan. 31st, 1888.—Last summer I suffered much from malaria and was recommended by a friend to try "Warner's Safe Cure" and am pleased to say it worked a most successful cure.

James J. Clunney

NEW YORK CITY (157 W. 23rd St.), Jan. 25th, 1888.—For about 10 years, up to three years ago, I was suffering the most excruciating and unbearable pains in the left side, continually belching up wind, with a tired and languid feeling. I am a conductor on the Elevated Railway, and was when I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure." I used to lose on an average four days every month with these horrible pains. I tried lots of doctors and lots of medicine but of no avail, until a friend came along and told me about "Warner's Safe Cure." I think I took about 18 or 20 bottles, entirely driving the pain away, relieving me of that languid feeling, giving me a better color and good appetite.

Abraham B. Johnson

NEW YORK (No. 30 E 22d St.), Feb. 3rd, 1888.—My son has been taking "Warner's Safe Cure" for two years and he seems to be entirely cured of his trouble, which the doctor pronounced at that time Bright's Disease.

H. M. Lilie

BROOKLYN (141 Myrtle Ave.), Feb. 19, 1888.—I have been employed on the Union Ferry Co. since 1848, and enjoyed good health until I was ruptured 23 years ago. Five years ago I was cured of the rupture, and then taken with Hydrocele and was operated on by Dr. Burnham, of New York City, the last operation being performed in 1886 at 222 Pearl St., Brooklyn. Since that time I have had a gathering of water in the stomach and weakness of the kidney. Last fall I was recommended to take "Warner's Safe Cure," and since that time I have found great relief in my kidneys and stomach.

Capt John Cole

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No. 3.

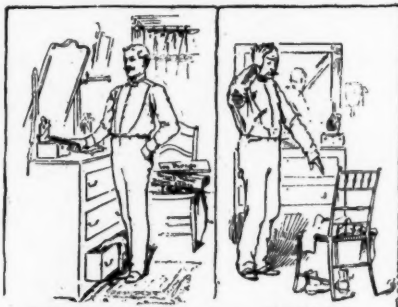
"JUST DOG."

WHY can not the newspapers leave Cora B. F. C. Chaska alone? She is evidently Sioux-ted. — *Philadelphia Evening Herald.*

Just now the storm window steps down and out, only to be succeeded almost immediately by the fly screen and the mosquito bar. — *Minneapolis Tribune.*

ROUGH on rats—The kid glove manufacturers. — *Drake's Magazine.*

Farmers and others who have a little leisure time for the next few months will find it their interest to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, whose advertisement appears in another column. They offer great inducements to persons to work for them all or part of their time.

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Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by the best retailers throughout the United States, and we will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will send us a postal card.

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STRICTLY PURE AND SUPERIOR IN EVERY RESPECT.

SPECIAL STRAIGHT CUT

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Only Manufacturer of Special Cigarettes.



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RIDE VICTORS.

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THE Georgia Cracker seriously advises the young people of Atlanta to organize an amateur dramatic club. It is all right for a comic paper to be humorous, but it must not go too far. What it considers a practical joke might amount to a national calamity.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

PETTICOAT government is causing a great bustle in Europe just now. The hand which erstwhile rocked the cradle is taking a turn at rocking principalities.—*Philadelphia Press.*

IN PARIS there are people who make a living by waking persons up in the morning. Come to think about it, there are people in this country who make a living at the same kind of business. They also sell milk.—*Norristown Herald.*

GENERAL SHERIDAN's new book is to be accompanied by sworn testimony that he wrote it himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

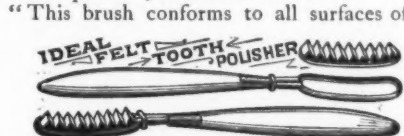
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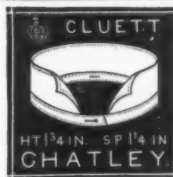
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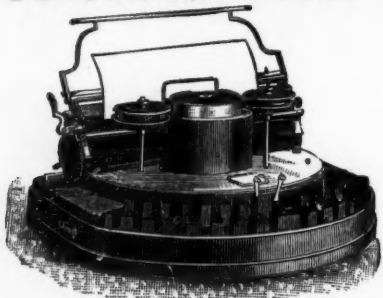
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HOPELESSLY INCOMPETENT.

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SECOND ACTOR.—Poor actor, is he?

FIRST ACTOR.—Poor? Why, he can't even imitate Irving!—*Drake's Magazine*.

He was a base-ball player, and he asked a girl to marry him.

"Out on first," she said, with a cold, rejective smile.

"Don't flatter yourself," he replied, as he picked himself up: "it's out on third."—*Washington Critic*.

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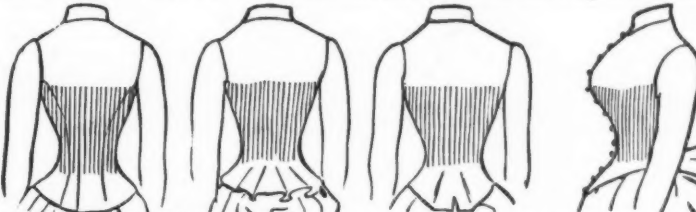
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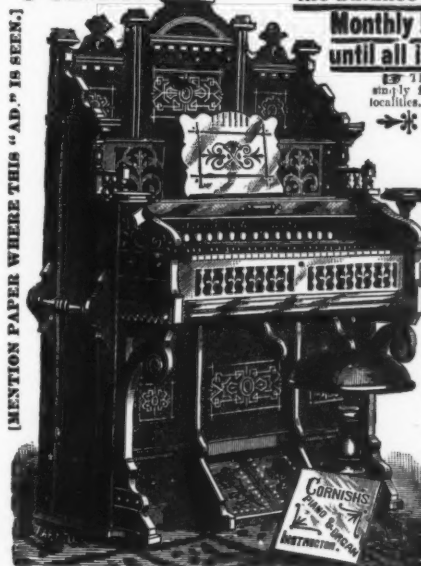
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